

MAUREEN VS. DEE

Since I was a boy, fights between women have always been a turn-on for me. Whenever I read about a catfight or see such a fight it always causes an instant hard-on. Until recently I had never thought of my wife Maureen as much of a brawler, but I was wrong. After two years of married bliss I have discovered that Maureen can hold her own in any catfight. In the past six months she has been involved in two of the dirtiest and hardest fought girl fights you can ever imagine!

Dee is a cute little auburn haired beauty who lives on the next block with her husband. Dee and my wife have known each other for about two months; they have a card club with some other girls and they bowl on the same team. Dee has always kidded Maureen about how she would like to make it with me as a change of pace from her husband. Maureen has always laughed it off, until last Saturday. Dee had come to our house to borrow some salt while Maureen was at the store.











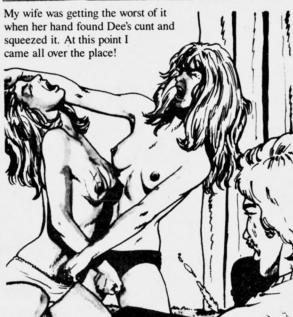


Dee let go and my wife went for Dee's shorts, trying to tear them off her. Dee fell to the floor as each girl ripped the other's shorts to shreds, leaving each of them in bikini panties.

The hairs of my wife's lush brown bush were sticking out of her panties. Dee saw the long hairs, grabbed them and pulled unmercifully at Maureen's pussy. With her other hand Dee grabbed the hair on Maureen's head.

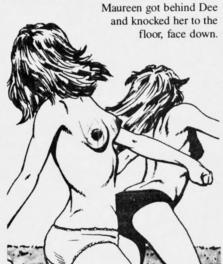


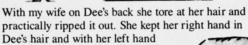






Dee released and attempted to





grabbed Dee's left tit and dug in.



Dee was almost done for, but her right hand reached back at my wife's crotch and she tore away at the fine cunt. Dee scratched, pulled and gouged until Maureen couldn't stand it.



